



The Buttermilk Cow.

Grandma had taken little Roger to the country for a visit over night. After all the wonderful visits to the barnyard and pig sty, milking time came. Roger, cup in hand, went to see the cows milked.

When he was drinking his cup of milk he looked at all the cows and then asked:

"Grandma, which cow is the buttermilk cow?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Why the Case Was Hopeless.

The dog greeted the customer with an ear-splitting bark of defiance, and kept up the disturbing racket until finally the tobaccoist's wife came to the front of the store and mildly asked her husband if he could not somehow manage to quiet the excited canine.

"No," blandly replied the philosophic man, "it is utterly impossible; you know it is a female dog."—N. Y. Times.

## Great Head for Business.

Sister—Oh, Bob, that Dr. Scrimp is a mean little fellow.

Brother—What's up with him?

Sister—You know he attended me when I was ill. Well, he began to call regularly after that for another reason—till at last he proposed and I rejected him. And now he has charged all those love-sick calls as professional visits.—Tit-Bits.

**Charlie's Weather Observation.**  
It was thundering very loud one day when little Charlie Horner, aged four years, said:

"Mamma, God must be scrubbing today."

"What makes you think so, Charlie?" asked his mother.

"Why," said Charlie, "don't you hear him moving the tables around?"—Ethel Horner, in Little Chronicle.

**The Boy Guessed Right.**  
"Do as I tell you," Tommy's mamma cried. "It's about time you realized the futility of *struggling* against a inevitable. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy, "it means there's no use of your washin' my hands an' face 'cause they'll only get dirty again."—Philadelphia Press.

**Progressive Eucure.**  
Sybil—Is that Harry Scribbler's writing, Kitty?

Kitty—Yes. I'm engaged to him, you know.

Sybil—Of course. I was engaged to him last summer.

Kitty—The dear boy! I wonder who he'll eventually marry?—Pearson's Weekly.

**Unanswered.**  
"Here's a problem for you. If it takes nine tailors to make a man—  
"The average fellow's only a ninth of a man, eh?"

"No; I was going to add: 'How many tailor-made gowns will it take to break him?'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Self-Centered.**  
Now do the youthful graduate require a larger hat.  
He thinks that his diploma makes of him a diplomat.  
—Philadelphia Press.

## MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



The Pug—Great Scott! He takes me for his houndsucker!—The King.

**Out of the Hurly Burly.**  
We'd be more contented, perhaps, know less of Defeat's painful throbs, if we would quit looking for snags, and stick to our regular jobs.  
—Puck.

**The Kind Hubby Wanted.**  
She—I want a new cover for Bella's piano; can you suggest anything, dear?  
He—Yes; can't you find one which is hermetically sealed?—Yonkers Statesman.

**Always in Trouble.**  
Nan—What is she worrying about now?  
Fau—Because she can't think of anything to worry about.—Somerville Journal.

**Something Doing.**  
"Helen, I haven't heard Brother Johnny for an hour. Go and tell him to stop at once."—Life.

## Those Learned Graduation Essays.

"Each spring when I listen to the learned graduation essays of a class of wealthy men's sons at a college commencement I feel that I won't be able to hold my job two weeks after those smart youths get out hustling for their daily bread in competition with me," mused the gloomy-eyed middle-aged man in the back seat. "But on my way home, as I learn that the trolley-car conductor is a college graduate, and that the clerk at the corner cigar store is another, I begin to chirp up a bit, and in a day or two I get over my dismal forebodings!"—Puck.

## Cruel.

"How long," asked the youth, "ought a young man to be acquainted with a girl, Miss Flyppe, before he may venture to call her by her first name?"

"How long have you known me?" she asked in turn.

"About six months."

"Well, if he's the right young man that's a long enough time."

"Then, Susie—"

"But you're not the right young man, Mr. Spoonamore."—Chicago Tribune.

## The Honeymoon.

In sweet content they drift upon the stream  
As round about the moonlight softly plays.  
To each fond heart the calm surroundings seem  
Like symbols of the evening of their days.  
—Brooklyn Life.

## HARD TO UNDERSTAND.



Mr. Bargain Hunter—Say, this pillow gives me a pain. It's as hard as a rock.  
Mrs. Bargain Hunter—That's strange! It was marked down.—Philadelphia Press.

## Must Touch It.

Most boys have superstitious minds, and yet, we're off perceiving.  
"Don't Touch," "Fresh Paint," "Hands Off," one finds  
Are signs they don't believe in.  
—Philadelphia Press.

**Didn't Like the Substitute.**  
Mrs. Hoyle—My husband is never satisfied.

Mrs. Doyle—Neither is mine; he has always kicked because he couldn't find his collar button, and now he has a wart on the back of his neck, but he isn't satisfied with that.—N. Y. Times.

## Good Book to Own.

Agent—Here, sir, is a book that should be in every family. It contains a receipt for everything, sir—everything.

Cholly—Give me three copies. If it has a receipt for my tailor's bill I'll take five.—Tit-Bits.

## Dealing in Futures.

Bess—Is it true that young Simkins offered himself to you last night?

Nell—He did.

Bess—And did you accept him?

Nell—Well, not exactly—but I have an option on him for ten days.—Chicago Daily News.

## What Johnny Thought.

"What does Gabriel Grubb mean, auntie?"

"Gabriel Grubb is a character in one of Dickens' Christmas Stories."

"O, I thought maybe it was another name for angel food cake."—Chicago American.

## Hard Luck.

Hewitt—It's sad about Gruet losing his leg in that railroad accident.

Jewett—Yes; it must be a great disappointment to him; he was always talking about "getting there with both feet."—Brooklyn Life.

## Counting Them.

"Mr. Woody Witte says that there are only eight jokes in the world."

"I should never have suspected from his efforts to amuse," answered Miss Cayenne, languidly, "that he had found so many."—Washington Star.

## Sent of the Trouble.

"I'm entirely worn-out, doctor," said the barber, who had called at the office of the physician.

"Let me see your tongue," said the doctor, who never shaved himself.—Yonkers Statesman.

## NEW COAST DEFENSES.

Searchlights to Be Installed as a Means of Protecting Harbors from Attack.

Gen. Gillespie, chief of engineers of the army, has made preparations for carrying on extensive experiments with searchlights, which are to be a part of the defenses of the harbors along our coast. The fortifications act of last year appropriated \$150,000 for the purchase and installation of the lights in the defenses of New York harbor, and the work is well advanced. It is now deemed essential to install the same system at Portland, Me., Boston, the eastern entrance to New York, and Puget sound, and it is hoped that congress will this year appropriate \$300,000 for the purpose. It is planned to use the target and most effective searchlights, those having a range of 2,500 yards.

The English and French have already used them in their maneuvers with satisfactory results, although as machinery of offensive and defensive warfare the ir value is somewhat indeterminate. It is proposed this year, in our maneuvers at Narragansett bay, to multiply the searchlights in such a way as to determine definitely whether the main channels in the four harbors named can be lighted up.

## TURNS BACK ON SOCIETY.

Mrs. Harry P. Robinson, Daughter of Street Car Magnate, to Become a Nurse.

Mrs. Harry P. Robinson, daughter of the multi-millionaire street car magnate, Thomas Lowry, has started her friends in Minneapolis by giving up her position in society to become a professional nurse. She is the wife of Harry P. Robinson, of Chicago, proprietor of the Railway Age.

A week ago she entered the Northwestern hospital as a nurse on probation. She was assigned to night duty in one of the wards. One of the fashionable dressmakers of the city has made six handsome uniforms for her. Although the style and pattern are of the regulation model, the material is the richest and the caps and aprons are of sheer linen and lawn.

When asked her reasons for giving up a life of luxury for that of a nurse Mrs. Robinson said:

"Reasons? Oh, there are none. I simply love the work, that is all."

Harry P. Robinson is at present in London, where he is engaged in literary pursuits and in the publishing business, still retaining his interest in the Railway Age. He left Chicago over a year ago.

## HENS SET WITH NO RESULTS.

Dynamite Blasts in Rock Falls, Ill., Destroy the Vital Spark in.

Blasting in the bed of the Hennepin canal, in Rock Falls, Ill., is causing the hens of that town to set long without results. Poultry breeders declare that the explosions destroy the vital sparks in eggs, and no chicks have been hatched near the canal in that town since the blasting began, three weeks ago.

Rock Falls takes special pride in its fancy chickens, many of the leading citizens belonging to the Arena Poultry association, and the dispositions of the association members have been almost as badly jarred as the eggs. At times 200 pounds of dynamite are exploded in the canal, but the effect of the explosion is more noticeable across Rock river, in Sterling, than in Rock Falls, rattling down dishes from shelves and breaking window panes, while the Rock Falls troubles are confined to the eggs.

## THE MARKETS.

Cincinnati, June 28.	
CATTLE—Common	3 50 @ 5 00
Steers choice	6 25 @ 6 50
CALVES—Extra	6 50 @ 7 50
HOGS—Ch. packers	7 30 @ 7 50
Mixed packers	7 10 @ 7 30
SHEEP—Extra	4 00 @ 4 50
LAMBS—Extra	6 50 @ 7 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 80 @ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	80 1/2 @ 76
No. 2 red, new	66 @ 68
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	50 @ 52
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	13 50 @ 13 50
RYE—No. 2	20 00 @ 20 00
HAY—Ch. timothy	15 1/2 @ 23 1/2
PORK—Clear cut	19 75 @ 20 00
LARD—Steam	10 50 @ 10 50
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	15 1/2 @ 23 1/2
Choice creamery	5 00 @ 6 00
APPLES—Fancy	2 25 @ 2 50
POTATOES—New, bl	2 95 @ 10 75
TOBACCO—New	7 90 @ 15 75
Old	7 90 @ 15 75

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	3 60 @ 3 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73 1/2 @ 75 1/2
No. 3 red	73 1/2 @ 74
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	46 1/2 @ 48 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	46 1/2 @ 48 1/2
RYE—No. 2	18 25 @ 18 25
PORK—Mess	18 25 @ 18 25
LARD—Steam	10 47 1/2 @ 10 47 1/2

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. patent	4 00 @ 4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	79 1/2 @ 79 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	68 1/2 @ 68 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	54 @ 54
RYE—Western	66 @ 66
PORK—Mess	19 50 @ 21 50
LARD—Steam	10 85 @ 10 85

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	80 @ 80
Southern, new	72 @ 81
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	67 1/2 @ 67 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	52 1/2 @ 53
CATTLE—Butchers	5 60 @ 6 50
HOGS—Western	7 60 @ 7 60

Louisville.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72 @ 72
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	68 1/2 @ 68 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	50 @ 50
PORK—Mess	18 50 @ 18 50
LARD—Steam	10 50 @ 10 50

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	76 1/2 @ 76 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	63 1/2 @ 63 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	47 @ 47 1/2

## MODERN CATECHISM.

In Which We Find Enlightenment Regarding the Purpose of the Whizz-Wagon.

"What was that just whizzed past us?" asked one pedestrian of another, according to the Ohio State Journal.

"That was an automobile."

"And what is an automobile?"

"It is something which has been invented to increase the mortality rate."

"Has it been successful in doing this?"

"Yes, indeed; it has surpassed the fondest expectations."

"What would have happened if we had not got out of the way of the automobile?"

"Two funerals."

"Who is the man who is running the automobile?"

"He is called a chauffeur."

"Is that the only name he has?"

"No," people often call him many other names.

"What would he do if he were to run over some one?"

"He would smile."

"I should say not."

"What would the police do?"

"They would arrest him."

"What then?"

"He would be fined and discharged."

"That would reform him, would it not?"

"No; he doesn't mind being fined, because he has lots of money."

"How fast is that automobile going?"

"About 50 miles an hour."

"Is not that very fast?"

"Not for an automobile."

## An Old-Time Terror.

Among ancient relics at present on exhibition at Chicago, is a sheet of papyrus bearing a complaint to a chief of police who held office just 2,002 years ago, that the premises of the writer had been robbed. Whether the work was done by a porch climber, a duplicate key man, or an ordinary hall sneak is not recorded, but the antique document is suggestive that in some ways a score of centuries has not greatly changed the world. One can imagine that old-time chief threatening his dusky Egyptian force with the terrors of a "shake-up."—Buffalo Courier.

## What About Your School Houses?

You may not this season be able to build a new one, or make the radical changes in the old one that you had in contemplation, but there is no school district in the United States that cannot afford to tint with Alabastine the interior of their buildings, thus making them more attractive, getting colors made with special reference to their effects on the eyes of the pupils, getting a sanitary and rock base cement coating that will not harbor disease germs. The closely crowded school rooms need all the safeguards to the health of the pupil that intelligent officials can surround them with, and all sanitarians unite in saying that Alabastine is the only proper material to be used on such walls.

## When Brains Are Needed.

It is told of a learned professor who was better at Greek than golf that after a round on the links, in which he had fiddled most of his shot, he turned to his caddy for advice as to improving his play. The reply of the ruthless caddy was: "Ye see, sir, it's easy to teach laddies Latin and Greek, but it needs a head for golf."—London News.

## Exclusive.

Ping—Are Mrs. De Style's entertainments very exclusive?

Pong—Well, I should say so! She has just made application to have the conversation of her guests copyrighted.—Baltimore Herald.

## It Cures While You Walk.

Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Loose Features.

Teacher—You, Johnnie! What are you laughing for?

Johnnie—I didn't laugh, mum; me face slipped.—Chicago Journal.

"That," remarked the professor, eyeing with some distrust the ragged and dirty greenback the grocer had given him in change, "is certainly a filthy looker."—Chicago Tribune.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Considering how easily people jar loose of their money, aren't you ashamed of the fact that you don't get more of it?—Acheson Globe.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Our greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time that we fall.—Confucius.

## DURING SUMMER MONTHS

Dr. Hartman Gives Free Advice to Suffering Women.



MISS LIZZIE SNEATHING

Dr. Hartman, the Famous Gynecologist and Inventor of Peruna Offers to Treat Women Free During the Summer Months.



MRS. ALEX. JOHNSON

America is the land of nervous women. The great majority of nervous women are so because they are suffering from some form of female disease. By far the greatest number of female troubles are caused by catarrh. Women afflicted with pelvic catarrh despair of recovery. Female trouble is so common, so prevalent, that they accept it as almost inevitable. The greatest obstacle in the way of recovery is that they do not understand that it is catarrh which is the source of their illness. In female complaint, are nothing but catarrh, and catarrh catarrh wherever located.

The following letter was recently received:

186 W. 38th st., New York City.  
The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.  
Gentlemen—"What bread and meat means to the hungry Peruna means to the sick. It is an especially valuable medicine for sick women. I have found that no medicine so quickly restores health and places the body in a normal condition. I but voice the sentiments of women who were once sick, but are now in perfect health."

MISS LIZZIE SNEATHING.

All women who are in doubt as to what their trouble is should write Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio. Give him a full description of your trouble, previous treatment, symptoms and age. He will promptly reply with full directions for treatment free of charge. This is an opportunity which no ailing woman should miss. Dr. Hartman has become renowned through his success in treating women's diseases. His experience in these matters is vast. Correspondence is strictly confidential. No testimonials published without written consent. Dr. Hartman relies principally upon Peruna in these cases.

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Mrs. Alex. Johnson, 256 University avenue, Kingston, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I have been a sufferer for years with bearing down pains and backache, and got no relief from doctor's prescriptions. I was married and lost little I felt much better and within a month I was a well woman, and heartily recommend it to any woman who is in as poor health as I was."

MRS. A. JOHNSON.

Miss Mabel Meyers, Argentine, Kansas, collector for the Kansas Temperance Union, writes: "Peruna has proved a friend to me for it cured me when I was sick and the least I can do in return is to acknowledge its value to the public. Since I was 17 years old I have suffered with headache, backache and pains in the shoulder blades. I caught cold easily and my lungs were weak. Catarrh of the lungs was what the doctors called my trouble. I took their medicine for eighteen months without any benefit and hearing about Peruna I decided to try it. I used nine bottles and was restored to health. This was two years ago, and I am now in perfect health."

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be glad to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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